learned valuable lessons. During the run of " Romeo an'l Juliet " some one wrote and told me that if the dialogue at the ball could be taken in a lighter and *quicker* way, **it** would better express the manner of a girl of Juliet's age. The same unknown critic pointed out that I was too slow and studied in the Balcony Scene. She—I think it was a woman—was perfectly right.

On the hundredth ni^ht, although no one liked my Juliet very much, I received many flowers, little tokens, and poems. To one bouquet was pinned a note which ran :

" To JULIET,
As a mark of respect an^ Esteem
From the Gasmen of the Lyceum
Theatre."

That alone would have made my recollections of " Romeo and Juliet" pleasant. But there was more. At the supper on the stage after the hundredth performance, Sarah Bernhardt was present. She said nice things to me, and I was enraptured that *my* " vraies larraes " should have pleased and astonished her! I noticed that she hardly ever moved, yet all the time sie gave the impression of swift, butterfly movement. While talking to Henry she took some red stuff out ol her bag and nibbed it on her lips! This frank " making tip " in public was a far more astonishing thing in the 'eighties than it would be now. But I liked Miss Sarah for it, as I liked her for everything.

How wonderful she looked in those days I She was as transparent as an azalea, only more so;

like a cloud,
only cot so thick. Smoke from a burning paper describes
her more nearly! She was hollow-eyed, thin, almost
coostimptive-lookiag. Her body was aot the prison of
her soul, but its shadow.

On the stage she has always seemed to me more a symbol,